

2nd Edition.

THEY TIAST FAREWELL
OF
The heath is all lonely & drear-Love.

Dedicated to
Miss M. S. th
by
T. T. T.

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Moderato.

PIANO.



The heath is all lonely and drear, Love, There's no-body stirring or near, Love, A —



wake thee and list thy soft ear, Love, I sing my last farewell to thee! A —



wake thee and list thy soft ear Love, I sing my last farewell to thee. Dis-

dain not thy lover to hear, Love, His heart is oppress'd with sad care, Love, In pi-ty then shed one kind

tear, Love, And open thy lattice to me, In pi-ty then shed one kind tear, Love, And

open thy lattice to me.

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The night is swift passing away Love,
 And losing its gloom in the day Love,
 ¶ Then show of thine eyes but one ray Love
 Ere I go far o'er the sea—
 The stars are deserting the skies Love,
 The night-bird is ceasing its cries Love,
 ¶ Then hasten to cheer these fond eyes Love,
 And open thy lattice to me.]

